

CHRISTMAS ON THE UMATILLA IN 1844

Let us picture in fancy the Umatilla county of 62 years ago.

Let us wander back in imagination to the winter of 1844.

Here and there along the silvery Umatilla river the curling smoke of an Indian tepee. Over the boundless prairie where now the golden harvests are grown, thousands of grazing ponies. Here and there among the herds of horses, the frisky antelope and timid deer. And skulking among the bushes the sly and ever watchful wolf.

Out over the hills, like giant spider webs, stretched the pony trails from the river fords and watering places. Waving like a sea was the eternal bunchgrass, the Indian's granary and treasure house.

Whirlwind had but turned into the years of manhood that winter. Plo-plo-mox-mox was the white man's friend and sat smoking, smoking in his tepee on the Umatilla river, day by day, wondering, thinking.

Whirlwind, the young man who was later doomed to ride to Wallatpu to find the great missionary massacred by the very people whom he sought to save.

Silently a squaw slips in in moccasined feet and squats down in the distant corner, to listen and drink in the strange story of the babe in the manger, of the atonement, the crucifixion, the glorious resurrection.

Dimly her mind catches a gleam of its splendid significance. A light comes into her eyes, is reflected in the soul and shines out through her bronzed face in a smile of wondering sadness.

The words of the missionary are simple. He is not speaking to an audience which can follow his eloquent flights, so must creep along within reach of their understanding.

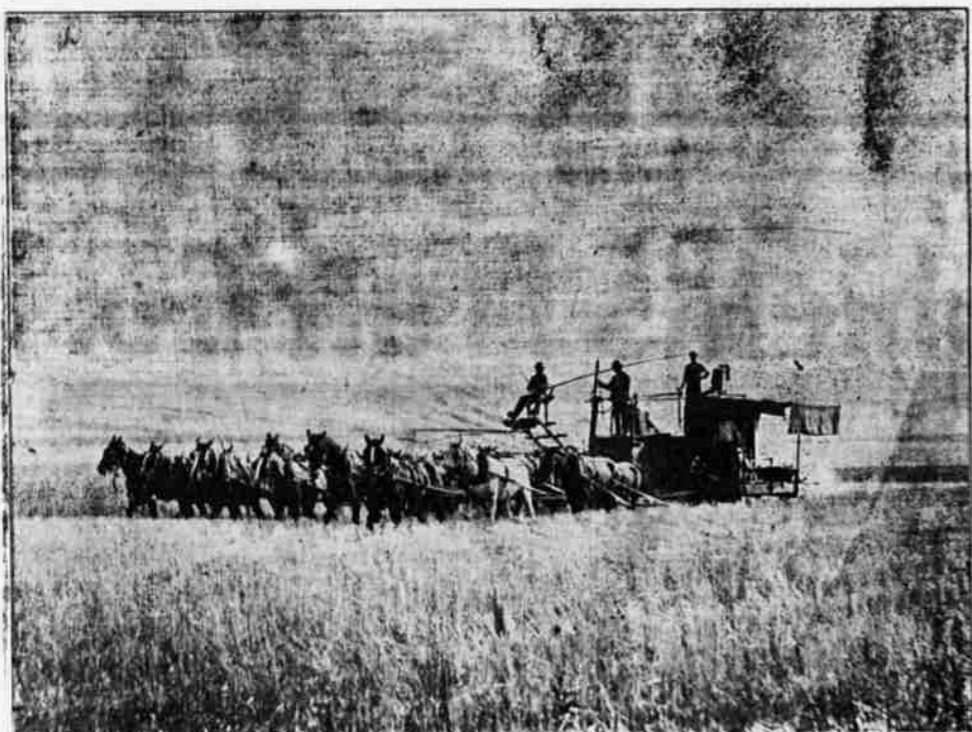
Standing up among the Indians who remain seated flat on the ground, Whitman read the simple story of the star in the east, the babe and its

hot rocks before a crackling fire the corn cake was baking. Whitman had taught the use of corn and most of the leading Indians raised it and ate it.

In a willow basket, tightly woven and deep as a bushel measure, the venison stew was boiling. Hot rocks were taken from the fire nearby and thrown into the basket, and thus the stew was kept at boiling point. Dried camas root, fragrant and tender, was spread upon rush mats before the party. Jerked venison dried salmon, huckleberries stewed in the willow basket and eaten with spoon made of horn, made up the Christmas feast.

But even this much marked a wonderful advance since Whitman had come to the Walla Walla. Before he had taught the Cayuses to live in semi-civilization many of them had starved and suffered the long winter through. Now they raised corn, made a sort of rough bread and cooked their food like white men.

There was Five Crows, who later sought in vain to buy a white wife from the immigrants who tolled in long caravans into the wilderness of Oregon. There, also, was Tal-o-kalkit, with the Judas mark of the



Cutting Thirty Acres Per Day.

Whirlwind, whom fate decreed should be a steadfast friend of the pale face, was 21 years of age and belonged to Whitman's Sunday school class of Cayuses on the Umatilla river. Only yesterday he told me how well he remembers the first Christmas celebration held in Umatilla county.

It was Christmas, 1844—62 years ago. Whirlwind says Whitman came ever and talked about God and the Savior of men, red and white.

Let us fancy the scene, in the absence of Whirlwind's power to fittingly describe it. Let us sketch in our fancy the great tepee of Plo-plo-mox-mox, whom Whitman trusted and loved and who trusted and loved Whitman.

All about it the dripping alders. Close at hand the murmuring river. Yonder, trotting down the winding trails to the river to drink, the hundreds of spotted and white ponies, the wealth of the Cayuse tribe.

Seated around the smoldering fire in the center of the tepee a dozen stolid, silent Indians. Among them

beautiful mother, the rise of the babe to perfect manhood, the life of sorrow, the words of hope, the darkness and gloom of Golgotha, the lifeless form clinging to the towering cross, and of the released spirit seeking its Maker in the skies—Whirlwind dimly remembers that this was the old story he heard on that first Christmas celebration in Umatilla county 62 years ago.

After talking and singing with the Cayuses for an hour a feast was spread. That is the acme of Indian hospitality. But to Whitman this feast was doubly dear, because it was a token of friendship and a return of many compliments which the Indian desired him to accept. Had they not feasted at Wallatpu hundreds of times in the past? Were they not always welcome within the walls of the mission?

No Indian ever left that home hungry or weary. The door was open to all. Whirlwind says Whitman delighted in doing kindnesses to the redman.

But let us survey that feast. On

murderer upon his hand. He it was who was to plot and execute the bloody massacre three years later.

Then after the feast, the smoke. The great pipe was passed. Each man tasted the fragrant kinkikink and vowed to be friendly forever—alas, for vows!

And then as the winter sun was sinking into the west and the pink tints shed a glory over yonder peaks of the Blue mountains, the missionary mounted his pony, waved his hand in farewell as he climbed up the paths out of the river bottom and galloped across the rolling prairie toward the mission farm 20 miles to the north.

Whirlwind remembers the sadness that marked Whitman's face during the latter years of his life. He says that something troubled the good man and he was always thinking, thinking.

Whirlwind remembers seeing the missionary leave the camp on the Umatilla river that Christmas day, 62 years ago. It is a splendid scene, when you come to mark its outlines.

There, on that wild frontier, surrounded by savages, suffering privations, oppressed by enemies, accused by ignorant half-breeds, and bowed down by the weight of his own work, Marcus Whitman took time to ride over to the scattered tepees on Christmas Day and teach the wonderful story. And that day's teaching is not forgotten to this day.

Whirlwind held up his distorted old hands to me, and said: "There is no white man's blood on my hands."

Thanks to the teaching of Marcus Whitman, many a Cayuse Indian has been made better than his red fellows by the self-sacrificing labors of that good man.

Just such scenes as were witnessed by Whirlwind on that Christmas Day over 60 years ago, made the Cayuses better, gave them a glimpse of the great light, brushed away from their eyes the blindness of superstition and ignorance, somewhat, not wholly, it is true, but enough to live in history as one supreme achievement of the early missionaries of the Umatilla and Walla Walla country.

Whirlwind lives today in a new house, like that of his white neighbors, near the site of Plo-plo-mox-mox's tepee, in which Whitman preached and prayed that Christmas Day 62 years ago.—Bert Huffman.

Altitudes of the County.

The altitude of the different points in Umatilla county, according to the United States geological survey, is as follows:
 Adams, 1520; Allen Spur, near Huron, 2815; Barnhart, 912; Bingham Springs, 1719; Cayuse, 1414; Cold Springs, on Columbia river, 365; Eastland, 1425; Echo, 634; Helix, 1759; Huron, 2911; Juniper, on Columbia river, 320; Kamela, summit of Blue mountains, 4205; Kallian Junction, on W. & C. R., 1802; Maxwell (Hermiston), 447; Meacham, 2651; Mission, 1214; Murdoch spur, near Meacham, 3815; North Fork, 2311; Pendleton, 1079; Thurn Hollow, 1517; Umatilla Junction, 294; Weston, 1855; Yeakum, 835.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition will cover 250 acres.

The Eilers Piano House

If we are the leading piano selling organization in the Union (which we now surely are,)
 If our buying power is positively greater than any other concern (which it now surely is,)
 If our experience, and knowledge of affairs pertaining to this trade is greater than anyone else's (which it unquestionably is,)
 If we control the output of 35 of the leading American makers (which we do,)
 If our list is headed by the greatest of all, the Chickering, of Boston, the Weber and genuine Pianola Piano, of New York, the Kimball of Chicago, (which are the acknowledged American leaders,)
 If we employ shipping, handling and selling advantages not possessed by others (which we most assuredly do,)
 If we are willing and able to extend more liberal and safer terms of credit to the buyer than obtainable elsewhere. (which is positively a fact.)
 If we positively agree to refund money paid if instrument, after delivery and trial, is not found as represented or in every way satisfaction (which we definitely obligate ourselves to do,)
THEN—Why is not the logical place to buy your pianos, organs, pianola, pianola piano, pipe organs, orchestron or talking machine at

**Biggest.
Busiest.
Safest.
Best.**



Branch Stores in All the Leading Cities of the Coast.

H. Herman, Mgr.

Pendleton, Branch.

813 Main Street

Phone Main 515

EMBRACE GOOD OPPORTUNITIES



Select Xmas Presents from List Below

ART SQUARES	DRESSERS	ORIENTAL RUGS
AXMINSTER RUGS	DOOR MATS	PARLOR CABINETS
A. B. M. O. E.	EASELS	PARLOR SUITES
BASEBALL GAMES	EXTENSION TABLES	PIANO SCARFS
BAMBOO BOOK SHELVES	FOLDING BEDS	PICTURES
BAMBOO FLOWER STANDS	GAME BOARDS	PILLOWS
BEDROOM SUITES	GENTS' CHIFFONIERS	PORTIERES
BOOK CASES	HALL CHAIRS	REED ROCKERS
BUFFETS	HALL TREES	ROMAN CHAIRS
CARD TABLES	HAT RACKS	SEWING ROCKERS
CARPETS	IRON BEDS	SEWING TABLES
CARPET SWEEPERS	JARDINIER STANDS	SCREENS
CELLARETTES	KITCHEN TABLES	SHAVING STANDS
CHILDREN'S ROCKERS	KITCHEN CABINETS	SIDEBOARDS
CHILDREN'S CHAIRS	LADIES' DESKS	SLEEPER STOOLS
CHIFFONIERS	LADIES' COSTUMERS	SLIPPER ROCKERS
CHINA CLOSETS	LADIES' DRESSING TABLES	SMYRNA RUGS
CLOCK SHELVES	LIBRARY TABLES	SOFAS
COMBINATION CASES	LEATHER ROCKERS	SOFA CUSHIONS
CORNER CHAIRS	LOUNGES	STAND COVERS
COUCHES	MISSES' ROCKERS	STEEL SANITARY COUCHES
COUCH COVERS	MIRRORS	STEEL SANITARY FOLDING BEDS
CUPBOARDS	MORRIS CHAIRS	TABLE COVERS
DAVENPORTS	MUSIC CABINETS	TABOURETS
DESKS	OFFICE CHAIRS	VELVET RUGS
DINING CHAIRS	OFFICE DESKS	WORK BASKETS
DIVANS		

M. A. RADER

PENDLETON, OREGON

HENRY KOPITKE

Pendleton, Oregon

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

WOOD & COAL

AGENT FOR ROCK SPRING COAL

414 MAIN STREET, NEAR DEPOT.

Phone Main 178, Same as Pendleton Ice & Cold Storage Co.